## A Poet at Home

\*

By HELEN LEAH REED

told them a story or two connected with

something to be ardently desired.

the eager expression on their faces, for

small volume in a white cover, and, bid-

ding them open their books, he said,

very sympathetic listener, Brenda, who

which this time did not annoy Brenda.

Mrs. Barlow admired the little books.

(From "Brenda, Her School and Her Club." Cor

right, 1900, by Little, Brown & Co.)

DER GERMAN COBBLER.

He Makes a Cembine with an Undertaker

to Push Business.

"After dot undertaker goes avhay

in to get a cement patch on his shoe I

ment. I like to recommend my fr'endt

fr'endt before der rush takes place.

work vhas good und your prices sheap.

How meech to put some soles on my

und says he can liok me in one minute by

before a fat woman comes in mit an old

pair of shoes to be fixed. Dot womans

"'I vhas. If you like to buy a coffin

I like to be buried as sheaply ash poss

" Of course not. It whas all der same,

lean or fat. Our goods vhas der best

und our prices der lowest. I vhill say seexty dollars for all. If you die in der

"Seexty dollar! she says. 'Why, dot vhas robbery. If somebody don't bury

me for forty dollar, den I lay on top der ground! Cobbier, I vhas a fat womans

und a dying womans, but you can't swin-dle me. Make dot price forty dollar, und

we shall talk. It whas forty dollar, and I shall haf seexteen hacks at der funeral." "Seexty dollar whas der lowest figure."

night, it whas no deeference."

While I lif I must wear shoes, und

'Nonsense! Dot vhas der old figure be-

"Feefty cents,' I says.

shoes?

vhas fat.'

'Cobbler, vhas you talking to me?'

out one of these little gift-books.'

might have taken me, too."

thing in the world."

o dem

der street?

When Julia asked Brenda one afternoon member! He let each of them hold for a not like to go with her to Holmes, she declined with written "Elsie Venner" and the Autocrat left Julia free to invite Edith. papers, and Julia turned over the leaves the two friends walked up the short of the large Bible and the Concordance of stone steps to the front door, on the top of his writing table. Dr. hear's sank a little. To make a call Holmes called their attention to the beauoct was really a rather formidable in fine needlework by the hands of his heard the maid opening the door accomplished daughter-in-law; and he

wait here for a moment," said the they had inquired for the mashouse, and she showed them to a small room at the left of the en-It seemed to be merely a reception at it was very pretty with its white work and large flowered yellow pa-There was a carved table in the centh writing materials and inkstand, me chairs. Tall bookcases matchand they were filled with books in sub-

In a moment the maid had returned and e broad stairs they saw the poet himself anding to meet them with outstretched When Julia mentioned Edith's "Ah," he said, "that is a good old on name, and, if I mistake not, I used to know your grandfather," and then when Edith had satisfied him on this point e turned to Julia, and in a bantering way of the service she had done him at windy day. Then he made them sit lown beside him, one on each side, while occupied a large leather armchair rawn up before his open fire, and asked them one or two questions about their studies and their taste in literature. As ie talked Julia's eyes wandered to the onze figure of Father Time on the manlpiece, and then to the little revolving ookease on which she could not help noticing a number of volumes of Dr Holines' own works. The old gentleman following her glance, said:

Why, it isn't so very hard; at least I should judge not by the numbers of cop-les of verses that are sent to me to examoetry deals with common human n, and almost any one with a fair ary thinks that he can express mself in verse. But nearly everything orth saying has been sald. Words and expressions seem very felicitous to the writer, but he cannot expect other persons see his work as he sees it."
'It depends, I suppose," said Edith, shy"on whose work it is."

"I am afraid," replied the poet, "that there is no absolute standard for versemakers. It has always seemed to me writer of verse is almost in the position of a man who makes a mold for plaster cast or something of that kind. hatever liquid mixture he puts into that mold will surely fit it. So the verse is the mold into which the poet put his thought, and from his point of view it is sure to

Though Edith may not have grasped the full force of the poet's meaning, Julia was sure that she understood him "Do you really have a great deal of poe-

letters from strangers, from every corner to do a man comes in my place und says:

"One day vnen 1 don't nar somet ingo to do a man comes in my place und says:

"Look here, cobbler, we shall go into uscripts on which my opinion is asked. I m chary now about expressing any opin ion, for publishers have a way of quoting very unfairly in their advertisements. If write 'your book would be very charm ng were it not so carelessly written,' the publisher quotes merely 'very charming, and prints this in large type."

Both girls smiled at the expression of droll sorrow that came over the poet's face as he spoke.

"And I am so very unfortunate my self," he added, "when I try to get an autograph of any consequence. Now, I sent Gladstone a copy of a work on trees in which I thought he would be interested. He returned the compliment with a copy of one of his books. But," here he l, "he wrote his thanks on a post-Again the girls laughed. "Dear he concluded, "this cannot interest young creatures like you; do you care for

"and we just love your poetry."
"Well, well," said the poet, with a twinkle in his eye, "perhaps you would like to hear me read something?"

beaming faces that met his glance were a sufficient answer, and taking a volume from the table, he began, in a voice that was a trifle husky, though ful

is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign

On the sweet summer wind its venturesome wings the cold sea maids raise to sun their stream

When he had finished the stanza, he

he Chambered Nautilus," murmured

"Ah. you know it, then?" said the poet. in and cries oudt:
"Oh. yes, I love it," she answered. "'Hello, cobbler, but dot combination Oh, yes, I love it," she answered, hen with a smile of appreciation, adhis glasses, Dr. Holmes read to und look oafer some bargains und he end of the poem in his wonderfully sical voice. When it was finished, the would have liked to ask for more, he said, "you have listened to poem which of all I have written I the best, now I wish to show you my vindow, they looked out across teefty cents fur new soles? You make it was much the same view to der price 25 cents und go to work.' eep bay-window, they looked out across ch Julia was accustomed in her unle's house, and yet it was looking at the see from that liar, und some more peoples come running window. Somerville, Medford, Belmont, Arlington, Charlestown, Brookline, and give oop dot combination right avhay, but one or two others, perhaps, besides Cam-

tridge with its spires and chimneys. ot much to see besides the tugboats and whas so big und fat dot she can hardly he gulls. But in the early spring it is a come in der door, und she haf some asthand an occasional pleasure-boat. Ah! remember-" but what it was he did undertaker? she asks as she sits down. ot say, for as Edith turned her eyes toward an oil painting on the wall near by said, "Of course you know what that time, I can do bully by you." of course you recognize the famous Now, look at the portrait that cheek. Could you imagine any one so cruel as to have stuck a sword into so you can gif me figures on shoes und Yet there, if your eyes are sharp the Revolution thrust his rapier." When both girls admitted that they build not see the scar, "That only

shows," he said, "how clever the man vas who made the repairs." Before they turned from the window he them notice the tall factory chimhe called his thermometers, because according to the direction in which the smoke curied upward, he was able to tell

tion he should walk. age always to walk with your back the wind." And at this the girls smilted, they feeling that it would be many years before they should need to follow this advice. Yet during their call how many things they had to see and to re-

begins to shout und swear und scream und kick, und pooty soon she faints awhay und falls down. More ash one hoonered peoples comes crowding around, und dot cross eyes policemans shumps in der door und pulls me oudt on der sidewalk und slams me around von veille. slams me around und yells:
"'Here vhas der villain! He shall go by State's prison for life for killing some fat ............

"It vhas an awful time. We don't get dot fat womans oudt for an hour, und more peoples kept coming, und eafery few minutes dot policemans pokes me mit his club und says I vhas a murderer. By und by, vhen all vhas gone, I lock oop shop und crawl under der bed, und for three days I vhas drunk und don't came oudt again to be sent to State prison. Den dot undertaker comes aroundt und tries to be fr'endts, but my heart vhas ice und dot combination whas husted."

make dot combination for forty dollar she

A MAN OF INTEGRITY.

BY M. QUAD,

another picture in the room. Julia, as she looked about, thought that she had seldom seen a prettier room than this, with For thirty years or more I had known its cheerful rugs, massive furniture, and myself to be an honest man. I mean that fine pictures, all so simple and yet so I had never wronged a fellow man out of When the poet pointed out the so much as a penny, though I had had great pile of letters lying on his desk, he hundreds of opportunities. In my business dealings I had been absolutely square, told them that this was about the number that he received every day.
"But you don't answer them all," exclaimed Edith almost breathlessly.
"No, indeed," and he laughed. "My secretary goes through them every morning and decides which ought to be given me to read, and then—well if it is anything. life I have gone out of my way to prove my integrity. I had found umbrellas and journeyed half way across London to restore them. I had found small sums of money and paid for the accretising cut of my own pocket. I had taken in home-less dogs and fattened them up and sent to read, and then-well, if it is anything very personal I try to answer it myself. Often, however, I let her write the anthem home in cabs. I had been cheated swer, while I simply add the signature."
Edith gave Julia a little nudge; they were both at the age when the possession I had pointed out the spavins. bought South African stocks at 80 and sold them at 100, though the market price of an autograph of a famous man is was 116. In buying and overhauling an old cabinet I had found papers of value neither of them had quite dared to ask Dr. Holmes for his. It is possible that he saw the little nudge, or perhaps he read and restored them without demanding a

It never occurred to me to pat myself almost before they realized it he had placed in the hand of each of them a on the back for an honest man, but in a general way I realized that I was above temptation. I must admit that it was a balmy feeling, and that as I looked around upon my fellowmen and knew that not Well, I must put something on that bare So, seating himself at his table with a added to. Several queer things happened me quill pen in his hand, he wrote slowly, and evidently with some effort, the name of each of them, followed by the words.

With the records of Oliver Words. "With the regards of Oliver Wendell the landlord made a mistake of a shilling Holmes," and then the year and the day in my favor. I called his attention to it. "They make a pretty fair showing for one man, but my publishers are getting ready to bring out a complete edition of my works, and that—well, that makes me realize my age." After a moment, as me realize my age." After a moment, as the month. As he shows, he opened the door, and with a word or two more of half-bantering thanks to Julia for her assistance on that windy day, he bowed them down the disket-seller rarely makes a mistake, at least in favor of a traveler, but on this least in favor of a traveler, but on this they had little to say until they reached too much, and though I received only a home, where they found Mrs. Barlow a gruff word as I returned it, I had cleared my conscience. I shared the compartment happened to be at home, looked with in-terest at the little volumes of selections up shoulders, pulled his hat low down, terest at the little volumes of selections up shoulders, pulled his hat low down, from Dr. Holmes' writings, with their valuable autographs, and said, "Well, you he rode with me. In the baggage rack wallable autographs, and said, "Well, you he rode with me. In the baggage rack was a paper parcel, but he did not take "Why, Brenda, I am sure that I asked it with him as he got out. For twenty you would not speak to a poet for anycured to me to inspect the contents and be ready to turn it over as lost property on arrival at the terminus.

They all laughed at this, a proceeding My interest was languid until the parcel was opened. I had anticipated nothing of "But I hope that you did not stay too long," she said gently, "for I have been told that Dr. Holmes has a way of sending off a guest who tires him by bringing out one of these little side had. value, but what did I behold? In that par cel or package were five neat packages of Bank of England notes, each one con-"Oh, I don't think we tired him," said Julia; "at any rate he was too polite to scrap of paper with them, nothing whatver to prove ownership or tell h show it, but I'm glad that we have the had got there. The wrapper was common brown paper and had been used before. It was a queer find, and I could't make out whether the money belonged to the pas-senger who had just left or some one before him. I had no idea of robbery, but laid it all to carelessness. After inspecting the bills, I retied the package and smiled a bit at the consternation of the loser. His loss would be only temporary, however. The package would be handed over in London, and he would merely have to prove property to obtain n I help you. I vhas dot undertaker who might wish to reward me, but I would not accept a penny.

starts in peesness on der next block, und I can send you twenty customers a week. It was only when the train ran into the station that I suddenly changed my mind. hen peoples cum to my place, I says As the porter unlocked the door and pass-"Do you know dot German cobbler? ed on and I stepped out, the Vhell, he vhas a rusher, und he vhas sheap prices. You go to him, und he vhas all right?" came to me to retain that money. Before I could argue with myself my legs were carrying me off. I was meaning all the "'Und vhen some peoples cum to your time to give up the parcel, and yet I was shop you should say:
""Do you know dot undertaker down hurrying away and dodging among the crowd. I really didn't come to myself under street? Vhell, he yhas boss, und if you patronize him once you vhill be sure to come again." til reaching my chambers, and then I in two minds. Conscience demanded that I return the money, and the devil whis-pered to me to retain it. I dodged betalk mit my wife, und she says maype it vhas all right. I like it better if it vhas some tailor or butcher, but pooty soon vhen an old man mit a lame back comes tween the two by promising to return it as soon as it should be advertised. I even promised my conscience that I would make a long journey, if necessary, to restore the money. To show you that I was still an honest man let me say that 'Vhell, maype you vhas going to die when a bill was presented to me that evening for the care of my horse I found dis winter, und it vhas good for you to git der lowest price und der best treatmistake of a sixpence in favor of the stable and rectified it. Yes, I was still honest, and I meant to restore that money, but I must first be satisfied as to the own isks dot old man ash he looks at me aw-

Next day, to my great surprise and also " 'Of course. I like to see you get some to my gratification, no advertisement apbargains if you die. It was no use to pay some undertakers one hoondred dolman to either advertise or take the money lars to bury you when you can get her done for seexty. Go down und see my line. You will agree with me that it was, and yet I brought forward a dozen arguments to the contrary and didn't do either one. When a week had gone by and no calls me names und wants to hit me mit his cane, und he says he shall drive all advertisement appeared. I began to look upon the money as mine. In three days more I felt sure it was mine. At the end my customers avhay und send me py der of the second week I was figuring what use to make of it. It wasn't exactly that feefty peoples come around und belief somepody vhas killed by der street cars. I the find had knocked out all the principle; can't see why he gets his back oop, but thirty years had built up, but that I had vhen he goes avhay anodder man comes never before been tempted. the question. After a week had gone by I dared not return the package to the rail-road, and after three weeks had passed recommended me to you. He says your with no advertisement the money seemed ought to advertise it, but I also argued that if the loser hadn't interest enough to seek to recover such a sum of money how could I be expected to? Unless you fore der combination. If I can buy a \$40 coffin for \$28 do you belief I shall pay you are a strictly honest man, as I knew myself to be, you have no idea of the many arguments that can be advanced in favor "I couldn't do dot, und do you belief dot

of dishonesty.

At the end of threeweeks I had determinman shouts und yells und kicks around ed to add the find to my bank account and give it up when called upon. Aye, I would even pay interest on the sum and any ex tra expense the loser had been put to. This seemed more than fair to me, and I figured that my honesty had not suffered one jot. The money would have gone to the bank, as per programme, but my valet stepped in. He was not an honest man, as I am deeply grieved to say. He could not stand temptation. Coming across the package by accident, he tucked it under 'Vhas you in some combination mit an his arm and walked off, and I have never since set eyes on him. I could not well go und haf a pair of shoes fixed at der some to the police and ask them to hunt for him, and so he had a clear road. After "'Dot vhas peesness. Cobbler, I vhas expecting to die eafery day, und of course he had disappeared I could not advertise for the real owner and let him take the trail, and so the dishonest rascal was to head for America, where, I am to head for America, where, I am told, honesty is a scarce article among men. As a matter of fact, no owner ever came forward or has not up to date. That makes the money mine or gives me the guardianship of it, but as it is in the hands of a dishonest valet and as I dare not put the police after him I am £5.000 out of pocket and have nothing to show for my sterling integrity of character. for my sterling integrity of character Sometimes in reviewing this case I doub if it pays to be honest, but again I reflect that a clear conscience is ample reward for withstanding temptation.

Oh, Dixie lan'-she aint fergotten-Chris'mus come on de heels er cotton-Look away,

Night en day-You bes' look 'way in Dixie! Oh, de brass bell up in de steeple ringin', Des can't match dis Chris'mus singin', Sing away, Night en day—

Sing 'way down South in Dixte

A Bit of Country.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKE.

With many wild whoops, much leaping and tumbling, the children hurried out of the weather-beaten schoolhouse and took their several ways toward their homes in the sparsely-settled neighborhood. A mo-ment later Millie Forrest, the teacher, came cut, and, hurrying across the playby "stake and rider" fences, overrun here and there with wild morning glory vines. Small, slender, with big brown eyes, an oval face with irregular features, the young "teacher" was not what one would call pretty, but there was a piquant arch to the red lips and the heavy mass of nut-brown hair that overhung her brows was a glory in itself sufficient to have

She walked rapidly along the footpath that followed the zigzag fence. Ground-squirrels sat upon their haunches and barked with an evident desire to attract her attention; a king-bird whose mate was nesting in a near-by hedge circled above her, scolding savagely, a father quall ran across the road, followed by his family of fifteen or twenty half-grown children, and a wild young colt at hand in one of the fields tossed up his head and

capered capriciously.

But the young woman took no note of these pleasant actions in the pastoral scene, but hurried along the lane and turned through a picket gate into a grove of maples on the rise. Following a winding path crossed by deep shadows cast from the trees by the declining sun, she was half-way through the wood when Edgar Sommers, a neighbor's son, came from a clump of bushes and with a show of bashfulness, joined her. "Evening, Millie," he said, after an em-

barrassing silence. "Had a good day at the school?"

"Much the same as all other days," plied the girl, with a defiant lifting of her head. "I are tired of it all. I wonder if every one finds life such a dreary round? Sometimes I wish I might fall into the old mill pond yonder, with no one near to rescue me.'

The young man's eyes grew moist and his lips trembled perceptibly. "Is it so dull and stupid for you here

Millie?" he said slowly. "I-I wish I might do something to make things brighter and—and sweeter for you." The girl turned her face away that ! into her eyes and the flush that colored her brown cheek. "I'm rough and awk-ward." he continued, lengthening his stride to keep up with the girl's quickened pace; "not worthy of you in any way Millie, but-I love you; love you more than my life-more than a thousand lives. If you would only give me the right, I make you happy."

She was going forward rapidly, nervous ly, her head lifted, and a look of gladness in her eyes. Had he seen it he would have taken her in his arms, then and there, and settled the question forever. But he did not see it, and her silence was

like death to his hopes.

A wild rose nodding and blushing beside the path caught his eye, and stooping, he plucked it from the bush. Millie, the last of the season; let the er plead for me. I won't ask you to de over at Maj. Barlow's to-night. If you think you could trust me and let me love and care for you, wear it in your hair." He held out the rose to her and she took demurely from his big, brown fingers. "If you wear the flower to-night, you

will make me the happiest man in the world," he said in a half whisper. "If you don't, you will break my heart."

He stood for a moment gazing with onging eyes upon the slender figure of the girl going on, with the warm sunlight turning her brønze hair to gold. Then he went back heavily along the path and passed through the meadow lands lying beyond the grove, and by the old water mill in the ravine. As he passed the mill he saw Frisbie, the new miller from the city, standing in the door, his curling city, standing in the door, his curling that the night had rised only of hill the night had rised only of his curling original discovery. It happened thus:

Last year Dick had chased through not but acknowledge him a handsome fellow and remembering how often he had he came to the neighborhood, he answer

ed the young miller's hearty hail gruffly and passed on. Millie went through the woods softly Give me a kiss that, going home,

My feet may walk on air. e dressed herself with unusual care for the evening and when she was ready put the wild rose in her hair. The dance was to be only a neighboriy party, and she would go over early and be with the Barlow girls when the others came room she met her mother going with pitcher for water. Millie took the vesse from her mother and ran lightly down the slope. Stooping, she dipped the pitcher into the spring. In the dusk the clear undisturbed waters shone like silver. As she lifted the full pitcher and turned to retrace her steps, the rose slipped from her hair, and falling into the spring brook was carried sw...ly out of sight. happy girl did not miss the pretty toke antil well on her way to Maj. Barlow's It was too late then to go back to loo pretty excuses for not having the rose !

ome. It was nearly 9 c'clock, and the full moon was shining when Edgar Sommers. on his way to the dance, reached the narrow footbridge that crossed the spring brook. He was anxious and despe a halo about the object of his affection It seemed impossible that she should care for him. He stood for a moment on the bridge looking down into the moonlit water. A bright object, dancing on the ripples, caup it his eye. It whirled over the tiny rapids and lodged against the roots of a willow. Edgar sprang over from the water the rose he had given Millie a few hours before. Here, was her answer to his pleading. She had thrown it away, and the spring brook meeting a more direct refusal from her

He was dumb with the sudden overthrow of his hopes, and walked on aimlessly, the rose crushed in his hand. Suddenly, the strain of a violin playing the "Beautiful Blue Danube" fell on his

ears. He had come unconsciously He would have turned back, but could not. A desire to look upon her face once more before he went away forever, drew him on until he stood in the shadow of a vine that ran over the doorway of the Barlow home. The door was open, and he saw the gay couples floating about the big dining-room. Millie was dancing the new miller, and they glided on to the rise and fall of the music, the handsomest couple in the room. How Edgar hated the man! He longed to stretch out his hand. take the white throat of his rival between his strong fingers and crush out his life. It was for this unknown, smooth-voiced stranger that she had thrown him over. But she did not love him, so what mat ter who claimed her. He turned away and was soon hidden in the shadow of the woods that skirted the stream below the

Millie waited impatiently for Edgar's coming. She had determined to go to him as soon as he arrived and tell him of the loss of the rose and acknowledge her intention to have worn it. He would forgive her seeming carelessness when he knew she loved him; she felt sure of that. knew she loved him; she leit sure of that.
But as the hours wore on and he did not
come, she became restless and frightened.
What could have happened to detain him?
At last the people prepared to go home
and the miller offered to escort her across
the fields. She would have refused him. the fields. She would have refused him, but there was no good excuse. There was no one else to accompany her, so the two went out across the meadows. He gay and confident; she sad and apprehensive. As they were going over the rustle below. As they were going over the rustic bridge where Edgar had found the rose the young man suddenly threw his arm about Millie's waist and drawing her close,

cried: "Toil, little one; that is the country custom, isn't it? Come, give me a

kiss for toll." "Let me go!" she cried, and struggled to free herself. "Not until I have taken tell," he replied. bending over her. "It is my right, you

Before the now frightened girl could cry out there was a quick step on the bridge, and a big, brown hand fell on the shoulder of the young miller, and he turned to face the tall young farmer. The girl ran to the end of the bridge and stood

rembling with fright.
The two men faced each other on the narrow bridge. The moon, far down in the west, cast a mellow light on the

Edgar was the first to speak, and hi voice had in it the ring of steel.
"Milite," said he, "has this-fellow

"You know he hasn't," She straight now, and her brown eyes flashed then her manner suddenly changed "Don't strike him, Edgar. Let him go. you promised this would not have hap

"And the rose," he said, "I found ! "It was in my hair when I left home Oh, Edgar, I understand; you-you thought I threw it away." She was close

by his side now.
"And you didn't?" "I would have sacrificed my life first."

And when they looked again they were (Copyright, 196), Daily Story Publishing Company.

In Bohemia.

BY LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT.

There was a festival in that province ohemia situated on the seventh floor of Warland place. A wave of good fortune had been rolling over Warland for some time past. When Dick scooped the town on the great forgery case there was a spread at Dalnati's. When Carl sold his Brittany landscape they had a pienie in the woods-a glorious day of ripples and gleams and shadows and fragrance and a pervasive sense of freedom.

This time it was Celeste who had been crowned by fortune. She had sung for Signor Barazidi and he had looked at her with a wondrous light in his great black eyes and had bent low over her hand, and had gone away in silence. Later a mes in which he offered her an engagement at Did anybody in the world ever have s much money? And if anybody ever did, how did they manage to get rid of it? And what good was money except to be gotten rid of? So she had turned her lit boudoir into a bower of beauty and the circle had never dreamed of such de-lights as they should enjoy at Celeste's

Afterward was to come the greatest joy of all. Angelo would lift the veil of his statue-his prize statue they called it, but who could tell whether it would take the prize or not? The committee must sit on it first, and some masterpieces had been hopelessly shattered by the weight of that august body. Not even Celeste had seen it. It had been finished for days, but had waited for Celeste's fete. "It's all for you," he had said to her. His look said that into the consecration went his heart, his life, his soul. Celeste

understood and was glad. "I give the infant to you," Dick had said with paternal benignity. What it had cost Dick to say this neither of the lovers ever knew. Only Dick remembered a day that had been all sunshine to him because when she had finished a passionate ballad of love and faith and death she had looked up to him as the last note floated away with a light in her eyes which he had fancied was not born alone of her song. Then Angelo came and he knew that the light had risen only over the

Mud alley after the man who killed Bandy Jim. The murderer disappeared in front of a shackly old tenement and Dick, laying aside by a supreme effort that ex-aggerated diffidence which characterizes newspaper men, had rushed into building under the impression that the fugitive had taken refuge there. He lost trace of his prey, but in coming out of the house he accidentally entered a dimly lighted room. He was passing through to a door which appeared to open into the corridor when a ray from a candle fell upon a form on a couch in a distant corier of the room. A handkerchief was drawn over the face. Dick's mind was one fitted by nature for the absorption of useful knowledge of all kinds, and he readily seized upon opportunities of inves tigating unknown subjects. But for the presence of the handkerchief he migh have supposed that a man was taking a quiet sleep and have failed to perceive in his attitude any suggestion of a mystery. As it was, having lost one story for the Morning Rouser, he was ready to avail himself of any indication of another. As he approached the couch he becam ware of a strong odor of chloroform in the room. He took the handkerchief fro

the face of the sleeper and looked at it "Humph!" he said, reflectively; "somecuriously. bedy must be tired of the same, poor fellow! Pernaps ne is right, though.

What is it worth to any of us in particu-He opened the windows and threw the handkerchief down into the courtyard and came back and looked at the face, which was very youthful and fair and seemed as much out of place in dirty room as a lily in a stagnant pool. "Poor little kid," said Dick. wicked to bring him back, but I must have the story, and then it's murder to let a man die."

Dick had got his position, like most ewspaper men, by the simple fact knowing everything, so he soon found a way to awaken the sleeper. What made you do it?"

The youth looked at some little statuettes on a shelf opposite.

"That and that. Dick took up one of them and the whole pitiful story came before his eyes.

They are pretty enough and useles enough to drive anybody to desperation, but they are not worth killing one's self

The youth closed his eyes wearily. Life was not worth the trouble of explaining. Would death be worth any more? "Cheer up," said Dick, energetically "There's no such word as fail unless a man spells it for himself and supplies every letter out of his own individual alphabet. There's Rod—he's sent out his poem forty-seven times. The last time i came back the editor wrote that it was not without glimmerings of talent, and if he would secure a more popular sub-ject and put it into a tripping measure ject and put it into a tripping measu and lighten it up a good deal and inse some popular hits and imbue it with a taking atmosphere and then publish a very striking and original novel to arrest the attention of the public and inspire the confidence of the reading world he might send the verses to him again and he would find time to consider the mat-

ter. Rod feels very much encouraged."
The youth may have had a suspicio that Rod was possessed of an enviably sanguine temperament which responded lightly to gleams of encouragement, but he did not mention his impression. "Come, go home with me," said Dick

"We starve together one day, and feast together the next, and laugh all the time no matter which it is.

name?"

"Angelo."

"Just what I should have expected of such a baby, but perhaps a man's sponsors are more accountable for his name than he is individually, and after it is fastened upon him he can't help growing up or down to it."

Angelo became a member of that little Bohemia, and now he had made the statue which he had hoped would take the prize and enable him to go to Rome and come back famous and wealthy and make Warland place very proud of him.

Celeste trembled as she walked beside

Angelo on her way to see the statue. It WOLUNTEERS ORDERED HOME bled as from pride and expectation. An pose he had not expressed his thought as he had intended to and imagined he had. Suppose-oh, dread thought!-that Celeste

uld not think it fine. With a hand that shook with emotions which he could not have explained or comprehended, he drew back the veil and little world and of her who made almost the whole of that world. He could face the committee without a tremor, but no

The "Italia Liberata" stood forth in beauty that might successfully have challenged much more severe critics than were these before whose observation he hesitated in abashed diffidence. Majestically she was poised, her slender feet trampling upon the ruins of a fallen wall, and her arms, from which the chains were dropping, raised aloft in triumph, her rapt face gazing upward.

"Bless you, child of my heart and brain." said Dick patriarchally, "I am "I wonder what Tomaso has made."

said Celeste anxiously.
"Nothing half so fine as that, I know,

"He's the only one I'm afraid of."

"You shall not discredit Angelo "I should not be afraid if he puts his

own dark character into his work."
"He couldn't make anything without." Had Angelo been wakeful that night h would have seen the dark shadow that crossed the moonlit path which led from the window to the place where his "Italia" stood. But he slept the sleep of

youth. The shadow followed the path to the statue, paused and stood erect. Had the sleeper then opened his eyes he would have seen the well-known face of To maso, his most determined and unscrupul-Tomase raised his arm, holding in his hand a sculptor's hammer. From somewhere in the darkness bor

sprang with catlike agility upon Tomaso before the hammer could fall across the marble face, and in an instant he was caught up and deposited with uncomfortable emphasis into the courtyard below the window. Angelo moved uneasily, opened his eyes, and looked toward the

"What is it, Dick?" he asked sleepily. "Nothing but a rat. Go to sleep, Baby."

Baby turned over and obeyed. The "Italia" won the prize, which meant two years of study in Rome. The morning he sailed away was a time of mingled glorification and wretchedness in Bo-

mema.
"I will take care of her for you, my boy," said Dick ancestrally, looking back at Angelo as he and Celeste left the steamer. As they went down the street his eyes rested upon her with a look which bore a message that she did not understand. understand.

understand.
"I am afraid," he observed, thoughtfully, "that you children do not appreclate me at my true value."
"Good Dick," replied Celeste, encouragingly

(Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Publishing Company

"TIM HEALY'S VENOM."

His Recent Gross Calumniation of Ameri-

From the St. Louis Republic (Dem.).

Mr. Timothy Healy, the Irish Nationalist member for North Louth in the Brit-Parliament, goes out of his way to be unfriendly and unjust to this country when he declares that the conduct of the British soldier in South Africa, black as it is, is not so black as that of the American

soldier in the Philippines.

Despite the fact that the Filipinos fight with less regard to the rules of civilized warfare than do the more manly and more enlightened Boers, there has not ye come from Luzon or any island of the Philippine archipelago so pitiful a tale of desolation and cruelty as that which now constitutes the tragic story of the Trans

Our soldiers have not yet been compelled to shoot down the wives of the terring, as reported in one South African incident, twenty-eight bodies-fourteen husbands and their devoted wives-in on grave. The homesteads of non-combatants in the Phillipines have not been con demned to the terch by official orders Those Filipine generals who have surren dered to the Americans have not been exiled to far distant islands such as St.

Helena of deadly climate. Mr. Timothy Healy is too eager in his desire to cast a stain upon the good name of the American soldier in war. He has hurried ahead of the facts in order to de hurried ahead of the facts in order to on this unfair thing. Our war in the Phil-ippines is not so glorious as the other wars in our history, but the American sol-diers in that war have been true to Amer-ican traditions in their manner of fight-ing. Mr. Healy should allow the facts in the case to convince him that he pwes an the case to convince him that he owes apology to men whom he has seen fit slander.

SILVER AND GOLD OF THE WORLD.

Our Production of the Yellow Metal the Greatest in History. The report of the director of the mint on the production of gold and silver in the United States during the calendar year 1899 shows only slight variations from the approximate figures given out early in the present year. The final figures are \$71,653,400 for gold, and \$32,858,700 for silver at its average commercial value during the year. The gold product, was the greatest in the history of the country. exceeding that of 1898 by \$6,590,400, and greater by \$6,053,400 than the estimated product of 1853, the record year in the working of the California placers. The principal gains in 1899 over 1898 were in Alaska, \$2,934,700, due to the Cape Nome district; Colorado, \$2,787,500, and Utah,

\$1,165,400

district; Coiorado, \$2,787,500, and Utah, \$1,165,400.

The silver product of the United States in 1899 was slightly greater than in 1898, being 54,764,000 ounces, against 54,483,000 ounces. The average price for silver during the year, on London quotations, was 60 cents per ounce, as compared with 59 cents in 1898.

The world's production of gold in 1896 was of the value of \$306,584,900, an increase of \$19,156,300 over the yield of 1898. But for the interruption in the Transval the world's production of gold for the year doubtless would have ben \$25,006,000 greater. The Klondyke output for 1899 was about \$16,000,000. The world's production of silver in 1896 was 167,224,23 fine ounces, against 165,285,572 fine ounces in 1898. Mexico leads, and Mexico and the United States produce two-thirds of the silver yield of the world. The world's industrial consumption of gold is estimated at \$12,555,500, and of silver \$24,595,000.

Judge Wept, Boy Murderer Sneered. New York, Dec. 14.-Alexander Stewart urteen years old, was to-day sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for manvictim was a playmate, Edward Piesei whose throat Stewart cut while pretend-ing to shave him. The young murderer heard his sentence with a sneering smile upon his face. In imposing the sentence. Judge Fursman was moved to tears at sight of the youth and obduracy of the

Oh, see that banner floating there, Its stars so bright and stripes so fair: It is the emblem of the free That waves o'er land and sea, to finer flag in all this world Was ever to the breeze unfurled: This flag of liberty.

No one can say who loves it best; Each loyal heart it thrills to see This emblem of the free, Those stripes of red, that field of blue

If o'er our homes these colors stream, Or on the field of battle gleam; In peace or war our guide shall be This sublem of the free. Let all who love sweet freedom's land Beneath this bacner firmly stand;

War Department Plans to Replace Them with Regulars.

Instructions Sent to Gen. MacArthur in Anticipation of the Prompt Passage of the New Army Bill-Indisposed to Re-enlist.

A definite step has been taken toward the return of the 35,000 volunteers on serv ice in the Philippines. Gen. MacArthur has been instructed by Secretary Root to begin the work at once, in order to permit of their discharge in this country by June 30, 1901.

This action has been taken in anticipa

tion of the authorization by Congress of the enlistment of regular regiments to replace the recalled troops. Plans for the organization of the proposed new regiments have been perfected at the War Department, and complete arrangements made for their speedy recruitment and equipment. Action in this matter awaits only the approval of Congress. It is hoped by the Secretary of War and the mili-tary authorities that the bill for the reorganization of the army now before the Senate will become a law before Congress takes a recess for the holidays on the 21st instant. The officials make no secret of their great concern over the existing situation, and say that the failure of Congress to take immediate action for its relief undoubtedly will result in considerable embarrassment to the government and seriously retard the execution of the ad-ministration's policy for the establishment of an efficient and stable government in the archipelago.

The opinion is expressed at the War Department that there is no prospect of a general re-enlistment on the part of the volunteers in the Philippines. The records of the department all tend to show that only a small percentage of the State troops are likely to serve beyond their present term of enlistment. Officers serving with volunteer regiments in the Philing with volunteer regiments in the Philippines have been sounded on that point, and have reported a general disinclination on the part of the volunteers to prolong their foreign service. The testimony on that line was almost unanimous.

The plans of the War Department for bringing home the volunteer troops are shown in the following cable message:

War Department, Adjutant General's Office,

Send volunteer convalescents to the capacity of the next transport returning, and a volunteer regi-ment by transport following. As you report 69,000 now, the Secretary of War directs that you stari home the volunteer regiments until the force is reduced to 60,000, the number fixed before begin-ning re-enforcement by regulars. Will send you regular regiments to further relieve the volunteers.

Manila, December 13, 1900.

Adjutant General, Washington.

With reference to your telegram of 11th, the
Thirty-seventh Infantry Regiment, United States Yolunteer Infantry Regiment, United States Volunteer Infantry, sails on transport Sheridan January I, and the Eleventh Regiment, United States Volunteer Cavalry on January 15. The movement will continue as directed until completed. The Thirty-sixth Regiment United States Volunteer Infantry is in the field and cannot leave at present. Authority is requested to retain regular officers in the volunteer service whose regular organizations, are here the requirement. organizations are here. Also volunteer officers now assigned to special duty who so desire with a view to muster-out June 30. An important question of policy is involved, as the departure of volunteers almost renders it impossible to furnish officers for special duty, the necessities for which are in-creasing. Transport Sherman leaves December 15 creasing. Transport Sherman leave with about 500 volunteer convaled transport Warren December 22, with the same number. Any remaining will go on transport Sheridan January 1. MACARTHUR.

Casualty List from MacArthur. Gen. MacArthur has forwarded to the War Department the following list of casualties;

Killed-Luzon, December 3, Boot, peninsula, Troop M, First Cavairy, Ernest Shrey; November 24, Company C, Forty-seventh Infantry, Frank

December 8, peninsula, Company B, Twenty-first Infantry, Carl E. Schultz, zilghtly; Company B, Twenty-first Infantry, Michael C. O'Donnell s vounded in arm, slight; Corp. William B. Webb. wounded in hand, slight; Louis S. Nesbitt, wo ed in head, serious; James A, Marsh, wounded in thigh, serious; Company H, Forty-seventh Infantry, George McBride, wounded in arm, seriou

TAFT COMMISSION DIVIDED.

Manila Liquor License Law the Subject of

Sharp Controversy, Manila, Dec. 14.-The liquor license law has passed the Taft Commission, but the commission is radically divided on its most distinctive feature, namely, the ban-ishment of saloons from the Escolta and several other crowded streets and plazas Commissioner Wright offered an amend-ment, leaving the authority for the removal of saloons in the districts in ques-tion to the provost marshal. The amendment received only the votes of Commis-sioners Wright and Ide. An amendment by Judge Taft, excepting certain streets and adding others, was adopted, Commissioners Wright and Ide voting in the neg ative. On the passage of the bill Commissioner Ide voted "No" and Commissioner Wright voted with the majority. had been a seconder, Commissioner Ide would have offered an amendment forbidding the sale of liquor to soldiers.

An amendment was added extending the time for the removal of saloons from three to six months, namely, on July 2. One of the sections, increasing the cost of licenses, goes into effect January 1, when

the licenses expire.

During the arguments of Commissioner's Wright. Ide, Worcester, and Taft, in favor of closing the saloons, they cited the liquor laws of Tennessee and Massachusetts as effective precedents for confining the sale of liquor to prescribed localities. They also said the native police are ineffective to cope with the situation when soldiers visit Manila and become hilarious.

Heavy rains have fallen for several days. This deters war operations, especially on the part of the cavalry.

Thirty Years for Each Life. Camden, N. J., Dec. 14.-Edward Os vald, of this city, who murdered his wife and child in April, 1899, was to-day sen-New Jersey State Prison, by Supreme Court Justice Garrison. Under a new statute in New Jersey a defendant is allowed to plead non vult contendre to an indictment for murder of the first degree, and in case the court accepts, the law imposes a penalty of thirty years at hard labor. Oswald took advantage of this law. As there were two indictments, one for the murder of his wife, and the other for the killing of his child, he was sentenced to sixty years. Oswald is thirtysix years of age

From Harper's Basar.
"Yes," said Mr. Henpeq, "I, too, have my favorite flowers. 'And what may they be, pray?" sneer-

They are the ones that 'shut up' at night," he bravely managed to articulat

From the Indianapolis Journal.
"We had a professional parlor-oracle at

"Did she entertain the guests?" "They entertained her; she says nine out of ten asked her what we were going

Theodore Parker. From the Boston Herald. Theodore Parker is a fit subject for a statue in Boston. There may be differ-

ences of opinion as to where it should be placed, but that he was able, eminent, sincere, and grandly courageous in his generation does not admit of question.

to give them to eat,'

He Flew the Coop.

Prom the Cleveland Plais Dealer.
"The British forces who are chasing De Wet have just executed another coup." "And, as usual, the wily Boer flew it.